

DEAD, YET ALIVE.

Immortalized By Brave Deeds,

Gen. Grant Will Live on Forever

In the Hearts of the World's People.

The Weary Months of Suffering.

Scenes by the Bedside When the Welcome Summons Came.

A Reunited Nation Mourning.

President Cleveland Voices the General Sorrow.

Central Park, New York, to be the Resting Place.

Tributes of Respect from All Over the World.

It was with a serious shock that the country received the news on the 23d of February that General Grant's condition had assumed an alarming type. An examination of the general's throat was made by an expert microscopist, and he found the condition of the tongue, palate and tissues precisely as diagnosed several weeks ago by Dr. Douglas. The trouble was found to be ulceration of the soft tissues of the throat of the mouth, with hardness and soreness at the base of the tongue. It was with great difficulty that the general opened his mouth to admit food, and the examination was conducted under difficulties, and he was only overcome by throwing a strong light into his mouth. He suffered the most excruciating tortures from neuralgia also. His trouble was aggravated first by his fall last year, which affected his general health, but the failure of the arm of Grant and Ward, and especially the discussions in Congress about his retirement, worried him greatly.

For several days his condition was unchanged, and considerable progress was made in his literary work. On March 11 his pulse was reported as slightly lower, but otherwise no change was discernible. A week later General Grant's daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, arrived, and at once went to meet her father. Although the meeting was somewhat exciting to the invalid, he bore it very well. He appeared very calm, though he comprehended the situation and the critical condition of his health thoroughly.

The next day came a violent reaction, and the general was unable to leave his room. On the 29th came alarming intelligence. The disease had assumed a new phase during the night, and the situation was one of great gravity. Physicians were hastily summoned, and all possible was done for his relief.

Early in the morning he was relieved, but nothing that could be said could induce the members of the family to retire. They had anticipated that dissolution would be sudden, and with little or no warning, and they dared not risk being absent from the general's bedside when the hour came. About 2 o'clock, while the physicians were consulting in an adjoining room, the general, clutching at his throat, exclaimed in despairing tones to his valet: "Oh! Harriet, don't stand there! I can't stand it! I am going to die!"

In the afternoon a consultation of physicians was held. Drs. Fordyce, Barker, Sands, Douglas and Shady were present. Within a short time the news from the patient began again to assume an alarming character, and it was announced that a large swelling on the general's throat was causing him intense pain and great inconvenience. With the warm weather the patient's suffering increased, and as a last resort he was removed from the heat of the room to the invigorating air of Mount McGregor. His suffering there was wearing and unceasing, and so intense that death was a welcomed guest at least to him.

A night of great exhaustion, followed by a day of rapidly progressing weakness, was his last. The suffering was so intense that only shifting his position as the monotony tired him. Now and then his right hand wandered to his face, and he rested his chin in it or tucked at his black skull cap.

With every movement the general was growing on him. At intervals in the early morning hours the pain in his throat became so intense that he begged Dr. Douglas to inject the usual amount of morphia into his arm. But the faithful physician dared not use the deadly drug. He feared it would bring on a sleep that would know no awakening on this side of the grave. At 3.30 p. m. Tuesday, General Grant exhaled a little food, and after a brief interval made signs for his pad and pencil. When these were furnished, he wrote a brief note and handed it to Dr. Douglas. It was given to Colonel Grant, who put it in his pocket and has not made known its contents further than to say that it was a private communication to the family. In a few minutes General Grant dozed off into a peaceful sleep. At 4 o'clock the physicians gave assurance that there was no immediate danger.

When daylight broke Wednesday the cottage looked deserted, and all but one watch were gone. At 4 o'clock General Grant awoke and remained as if but half awakened until nearly noon. As the afternoon wore on and there were faint symptoms of improvement, hope once again began to dawn. The general might remain with them for some days. As they stood an anxious group near his couch, he said in a low, husky whisper: "I do not want to die. I want to live. I want to see you all. I want to see you all. I want to see you all." At this time General Grant's pulse was weak and fluttering. It was above 100, probably nearer 120.

General Grant remained all day in the parlor, where he spent the night. The most distressing symptom of the day was the continuance of the dreaded hiccoughing which began yesterday. Sometimes it ceased for awhile, but never for more than an hour at once. During most of the time he did not seem to be in great pain, but lay listlessly in the two chairs that formed his couch. Occasionally he was racked by pain in the throat.

A little after 6 o'clock the inmates of the cottage were again thrown into wild excitement. An examination was made, and it was thought that the end was near. The general's pulse was weak and fluttering. It was above 100, probably nearer 120.

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When it happened on the Mississippi on the days of gambling at its height. An expert sharp had stuffed four aces graciously into his boot for an emergency. Another expert twigg'd the movement and equally gracefully removed them for his own use. The moment arrived and the poker sharp dived down into the leather recesses. The cards were gone.

"Hold on!" said he, raising his hand to stop the game. "There's been cheating here!"

Another Fashion Item.
[New York Journal.]

As the modern bathing suit uncovers a multitude of shins the mantle of charms needed.

